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as a Correspondent.

PRICE ONE CENT.

EVENING EDITION.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1887.

EVENING EDITION.

PRICE ONE CENT.

HARVARD AND YALE IN 1888. THE BIG FAIR IS BOOMING.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE IN ATTENDANCE FROM OUT OF TOWN.

The Fair to be Continued Until Dec. 22-The Gerster Company to Give a Concert This Evening-Generous Gifts From the Chinese Masonic Guild-Mr. Rollwagen Ine a Good Lend for the Stuffed Goat.



OOMS are not all con fined to the enterprising West. The Maonic Fair has a boom on that would make the Western real-estate dealer go hang himself in sheer despair.

Hundreds of visitors to the fair yesterday afternoon and evening had never seen any. thing as big as that before and enjoyed everything that they

They were people whom the excursion rates had drawn from the interior of the State to the great bazaar. They are not wildly prodigal, however, in dropping dollar bills and snatching up fifty-cent chances,

In fact, if the black-eyed siren at the well is to be credited, some of them almost "kicked," at paying five cents for the emonade which her fair hand dispensed to

Heaven knows, and so does the beautiful Rebecca, that a nickel is an extravagant price for a small glass of the weakly tinctured fluid which she dispenses as an antidote to senility, but the man (and the patronage at the well is distinctly masculine) who begrudges her five paltry cents for a glass of her lemonade ought to go away and die.

"Still took in \$33.40 last night," Miss Rebecca said, demurely.

Everything boomed merrily along. The crowd surged and swayed, the unwearied maidens cried their chances and the visitors disgorged their wealth.

The stuffed goat remains unwilted, and still looks as if, in a moment of excitement, he might try to clear the Masonic apron, which enfolds his Homeric breast, L. P. Rollwagen, with 788 votes, is leading for the goat, and certainly his name entities him to the blithesome ruminant, Inspector Williams has dropped to a poor third.

"The restaurant isn't half as well patronized as it ought to be," said Mrs. H. H. Brockway, who has charge. "If the crowds of shoppers in the big dry-goods stores on Sixth avenue knew that they could get in the elevator at the entrance and get a pice luncheon here without paying any admission fee to the fair, they might gladly help on the work. The country folk bring their lunch with them."

One country lady walked up to a kindly Rebecca, that a nickel is an extravagant price

One country lady walked up to a kindly gentleman, who was distributing "Prof. Parretts & Co.'s Lightning Eradicator." and extending a kid-gloved hand, asked him "to try on that."

try on that,".

The gentleman did, and after he had made one large spot quite clean the lady thought that she had better buy a box and clean the

that she had better buy a box and creat the rest.

"The Widow" has not been duly noticed, and yet she is an awfully fascinating little blonde wary widow. She wears a small infant—a widow infant, as it were—on her right arm, and spectators who are touched give Mrs. Smith a "mite" for the relict.

Col. F. K. Hain is voted the "Ideal Mason." though why the "most popular" and the "ideal" should not be synonymous in Masonic appreciation is a conundrum.

To night the Gerster Opera Troupe, by courtesy of Henry E. Abbey, will give an entertainment. "Brother" de Anna is the one Masonic vocalist, it seems, on the bill.

The Chinese Masonic Guild of Lone-Gel The Chinese Masonic Guild of Lone-Gel Tong-Enté gave \$500 worth of Oriental goods to the fair yesterday. The organiza-tion had already presented \$100. Col. Ehlers was officer of the day last night. William Sherer will officiate in that capacity

to-day.

The management has decided to prolong the fair up to Dec. 22 This will enable people to do more of their Christmas shopping at the booths.

The booth of the Astor Lodge, of which Mr. George W. Arnold is Master, makes an attractive display, with its large variety of beautiful gift articles. Mrs. Steen presides at the booth, and is assisted by Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Tuck, Miss Abbott and othes. A picture painted axpressity for the fair by Miss Parks. painted expressly for the fair by Miss Parks is one of the attractions.

Anthony Comstock Should Go West,

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 18.—The town of Chico Butte County, is much excited over the arrest of O. Van Polonsky, photographer, on a charge of having indecent pictures in his possession. His gallery was searched and the photographs found. In Justice Bay's court they caused a flutter of excitement. The portraits were of children and men and women in a nude state, many of them of respectable families. There were found five or six young ladies of hitherto respectable standing who were displayed in extremely picturesque attitudes. Many of those who had photographs taken are trying to obtambossession of the negatives to destroy. Folomaky pleaded guilty and Justice Bays sentenced him to six months in the County Jall.

A Negro Preacher's Sermon.

[From the Memphis Appeal.]
The minister had taken for his text the casting of Daniel into the lion's den, and drawn largely upon his imagination to picture the fate of Dame d the Lord not come to his deliverance. "Go Wid me to de mouf of dat den now, my breddurn and sisters," he proceeded, after raising the pulsa tion of his hearers to 200 to the minute. "Don' Hon of his hearers to 200 to the minute. "Don' you see dat ole he llon a chawip' on his stort ribs, while de cubs mince on his toes and de mudder takes a chank outen de back ob his beck. De smell an' tase ob blood done set 'em wil', and dey take death grips an' pull one agin de udder. An' what do Danel do! My dyn' congregashun, he do nothin' but moan and shrick an' call on de Lawd, while drops of persprashun big as 'simmons roil offen his head, an' den nothin' is heard but de crunchin' ob bones and growiin' ob de lions. When dey gets through all dat is lef' ob de man is his scalp, slippers and pocketknife. An' so it will be wid you, sinner, at de las' day."

A Negro Turns White.

[From the Humilton (Ga.) Journal.]
While in Talbot County last week we heard of a negro living near Talbotton who has turned from black to white. First little white spots appeared an his body, and these gradually spread until his whole skin became white. He would now be taken for a white man but for his kinky head. His head is covered with wool that refuses obstinately to straighten out and let him be a full-fledged white man.

Out of Season.

"Here," said the salesman, waving his hand. 'is a full line of our celebrated spring beds." "Yes," replied Mrs. Malaprop; "they were very hipe for the warm weather, but I want to see some of your autumn beds."

peculating on Their Athletic Strength in

the Field and on the Water. [From the Boston Globs.] Harvard men are just now speculating on the

probable strength of the football team that will represent Yale next year. The Cambridge youth still feel sore, and with good reason, as even Yale men admit, over the result of the recent contest in New York, and they are of course determined to leave no stone unturned to defeat Yale next year.

The Yale eleven next year will be substantially the ame as this. Corbin, the giant centre-rush, has been elected captain, much to the surprise of those been elected captain, much to the surprise of those who believed that Gill or Woodruff was aure of that position. Corvin will make a good man. He is an excellent disciplinarian and is well liked by his associates. Yale has had a few better centre rushers than Corbin, and the men are exceedingly scarce who can give him any points on the game. The rush line that saved Yale from certain defeat this fall will be broken in two places, Cross, '88, and Pratt, '88, both graduate next apring, and will not probably return to College. It is uncertain as to who will fill their places, but it is safe to say that Brooks, '89, and Rhodes, '91, will have beavy mortigies on them. Brooks played in several games this year, and showed up well. Rhodes plays with the true Yale snap, but is rather light.

is uncertain as to who will fill their places, but it is asfe to say that Brooks, '89, and Hoodes, '91, will have heavy mortgages on them. Brooks played in several games this year, and showed up well. Hhodes plays with the trus Yale snap, but is rather light.

Beecher, who for four years has filled the position of quarier-back in a manner never before equalled, graduates in the spring. His return is uncertain. The most available men for the place are Wirtemburg and Wallace. The former made such a good showing as half-back this year in the Harvard game that he will probably be kept in that place, while Wallace can hardiy be spared at the end of the rash line. Some new man will, therefore, probably have to be looked up. Graves, the freshman half-back, who has developed into such a phenomenal runner and keker, will play next year, provided his father's consent can be obtained. Buil, the full-back, will graduate in June, and there seems to be no prospect of his return. He will be greatly missed, as he was a beautirul kicker and an exceptionally fine tackier. It is entirely a matter of speculation as to who will be his successor. Moliride and Williams of this year's freshman team seem to be the strongest candidates. Both men are good kickers and fair runners.

Yale will play substantially the same game next year as this. The half-backs will be trained to kick as well as run, so that the general team play may be varied to correspond with the exigencies of the occasion. Most of the coaching will be done by graduates, as in past years, and the preparation will be even more careful than formerly, as the New Haven men have now a wholesome fear of Harvard. The Cambridge boys ought to win the championship next season, and they will will it, provided they adopt the tactics which Yale by long experience has found to be the most effective.

Now that the football season is over the attention of the College is turned towards the crew. About a dozen men have been in practice for a month or the weather will preven the sun and wil

KILLED TO END HIS MISERY.

A Thoroughbred Horse in Chicago the Victim of Hydrophobia. [SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

CHICAGO, Dec. 10 .- A fine black thorough bred horse that had suffered terrible agonies for three days from hydrophobia was killed at the Chicago Veterinary College yesterday o put it out of its misery. It belonged to Frank C. Greene, Treasurer of the Charles Pruax Manufacturing Company, who lives at No. 1239 Michigan avenue. He is a man of

wealth and very fond of dogs and horses. Among his pets was a big black Newfound Among his pets was a big black Newfound-land named Bruno. On Nov. 2 Bruno went suddenly mad. He showed the first indica-tion of his distemper when he jumped upon the back of the coachman, Henry Small, and tried to bite him. There was a desperate struggle between the man and the dog, but the coachman finally escaped unburt into the house, though most of his clothes were torn off him in the contest.

Bruno was shot and nothing more was

house, though most of his clothes were torn off him in the contest.

Bruno was shot and nothing more was thought about the matter.

Tuesday Small noticed that "Cart," hi employer's favorite horse, showed curious symptoms of some disorder. He kept rubs bing his nose up and down on his stall untilhe had worn all the skin off. His eyes seemed very bright and feverish.

The next day he was much worse, and a veterinary surgeon declared that the animal had rabies. The horse was taken to College Hospital, where, after suffering great agony.

Hospital, where, after suffering great agony he was killed.

Forewarned of His Death.

[From the Richmond State,] At the Second Büptist Church yesterday afternoon, during the funeral services over the renains of Henry Braxton, the colored man who mains of Henry Braxton, the colored man who was killed by a falling pulley while at work at the Tredegar, Hev. John Jasper, who preached the funeral sermon, recalled a vivid dream which the dead man had several days before the accident.

Braxton was a preacher, and had charge of a church near Ashland, where he preached very regularly on Sundays. Several days before his death he dreamed that he was killed, and that death came to him suddenly. When he awoke in the morning he related his dream, and all day long it haunted him. At work or at some, in the pulpit of on the street, the dream would come before him with remarkable vividness, and he could not forget the awful vision which appeared in his sleep.

To several persons he related it and at first he seemed to regard it as a bad omen for his sister, who is living in New York. On Saturday and Sunday, however, he said "that death in the dream was intended for me and not for my sister." In this state of mind he went to work, and how plainly his vision or prediction was fuffilled was made known by the famous colored divine who preached the funeral sermon, in words that will not soon be forgotien by the immense concourse of people who gathered there to hear him. was killed by a falling pulley while at work at the

The Young Men's Independent Club Election The annual election of officers of the Young Men's Independent Club will be held at the clubrooms, Lexington Avenue Opera-House. 146-150 Rast Fifty-ninth street, on Monday evening, at 8 o'clock.

A Little More Sleep

and you will wake up with a settled Catarrh in your head.
Every fresh cold is another link in the clasin that will
drag you to a concumptive's grave. Use without delay
WOLCOTT'S CATARES ASSIBILATOR. Of druggists.

HUSTED'S CALL ON THE BO .S.

THE BALD EAGLE READY TO MAKE UP WITH EX-SENATOR PLATT.

AMeeting at the Latter's Office Which Has Set Republican Politicians Talking-It Was the First Time They Spoke to Each Other in Years-Westchester Statesma Said to be Frightened by the Outlook.

The Republican statesmen who were congregated at the Fifth Avenue Hotel last evening discussed the meeting which took place yesterday morning between ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt and Gen. James W. Husted. The ex-Senator and the redoubtable West-chester legislator have not been on speaking terms since the memorable step-ladder incident at the Delavan House, Albany, in the

Senatorial fight of 1881. Neither had spoken to the other from that time up to yesterday, although they frequently met in conferences and campaigns. Gen. Husted called upon ex-Senator Platt vesterday just as the clock in Trinity Church was striking the hour of 11 A. M. The ex-Senator's office is on Broadway, nearly opposite to the church, and the General knew

site to the church, and the General knew about what hour his old enemy would be at his desk.

It is said that the ex-Senator was taken completely by surprise when he saw the Bald Eagle of Westchester hat in hand, approaching him.

Gen. Husted proffered his right hand and the ex-Senator extended his dexter paw. If an orchestra had been present it would no doubt have played slow music.

The office boy and two clerks were ordered out of the private office and the ex-Senator and the oft-time Speaker of the Assembly held a secret confab for more than hour. It is understood that when they parted they separated as friends and that "Jimmy" had succeeded in explaining a thousand and one things to the boss of the machine in the State.

At 3 p. m. the Republican politicians who generally assemble every afternoon at the Astor House had heard that Platt and Husted had met and settled their personal and political hatred of each other, and were wondering what the effect of the meeting would be. Last night the discussion of the make up was transferred to the uptown hotels.

A well-known Republican politician said:

would be. Last night the discussion of the make up was transferred to the uptown hotels.

A well-known Republican politician said: "I am told on the best of authority that Husted called upon Platt at the earnest solicitation of Husted's friends.

"Platt received him rather coldly, and Husted at once began to explain matters to Platt. Husted claimed that enemies had conspired to keep them apart these many years and vowed that his acts and motives had been misconstrued.

"The ex-Senator listened patiently to the Bald Eagle's story and then recounted what he knew of Husted's animosity to him and his faction of the party in the State.

"I do not think that Jimmy made much by extending the hand of friendship to the ex-Senator. It only shows that Jimmy is frighted over his prospects in the race for the Speakership of the next House.

"He would never have called upon Platt if he thought he had a ghost of a show of being re-elected. Platt is pledged to Fremont Cole, of Schuyler, and you will find out when the time comes that Husted will make the speech in the caucus in nominating Cole."

Politicians are very suspicious, and as soon as the friends of Cole heard of Husted's call upon Platt they telegraphed to Cole. He will arrive here this evening, direct from Watkins, to find out exactly what was the result of the visit of Husted to Blatt.

At a recent conference of the Republican Members-elect of the Assembly from the western tier of counties, held in Buffalo, twelve votes were pledged to Cole. The conference took place in the editorial rooms of the Buffalo Commercial.

The Republican Assemblymen from New York, Kings, Suffolk and Richmond counties

The Republican Assemblymen from New York, Kings, Suffolk and Richmond counties are said to be solid in their opposition to Husted.

taken no interest in the speakership contest. When asked why he was not supporting Husted, he is quoted as replying: "Husted voted for me, but I did not know how he stood whill the last moment. When he did come over to my side he did not bring anybody with him."

MME. LA TOUCHE IN A CELL

No Que Has Come Forward Yet With Real-Estate Security for \$2,500.

Mme. La Touche, the female Napoleon of Wall street, who discovered a new system of finance that was based on the most profound and logical principles, is a martyr to the

and logical planes in a dungeon cell in the Jefferson Market Police Court building, not one friend having come forward with the required real estate security for \$2,500 bail which is demanded as a condition of her re-

lease.

And there, it is said, she is likely to remain until her trial in the Court of General Ses-

JIM PECK'S WILD RIDE.

A Pleasing Little Story of a Chico Rancher's Flight Towards Heaven. [Prom the Chico (Cal.) Enterprise,]

Jimmy Peck had an experience Thanksgiving Day at the river that he will remember for some ime to come. James had read somewhere of a novel way of catching chickens, by means of a kernel of corn and a fish hook. So, not caring to waste powder and shot on a seemingly countless lock of geese, he conceived the idea of going to the river and then trying a similar plan. The geese in the river bottoms number millions, and they are slaughtered by the thousands, merely for their feathers and the sport that is got out of the

their feathers and the sport that is got out of the hunting. Mr. Peck secured a lot of corn and twine, but instead of using the hooks he punctured a hole in each kernel and tied the twine to it. After he had laid out about live nundred of these prepared kernels, he attached the twine ends to a neavy piece of rope, and searched for a small stump or something to the rope to, but where he had set his novel trap there was nothing but a dreary waste of sand. So he accordingly hed the rope about his body and concealed himself in a pile of driftwood. After a half hour's want a flock of the wild cronkers, numbering several thousand, flew down near the spot and began devouring the corn. Jimmy got his knife and club ready and rose up with loud cries. The gesse rose, too, and Jimmy continued rising, his weight seemingly amounting to little with the feathered bipeds. Upl upl upl he went; visions of home, a terrible death and where and how this would end passed through his mind as he was carried hither and thither by the frightened and screaming birds. But fortunately for James the geese, being so demoralized and frying in opposite directions, the strings began to break, and he was slowly descending to the ground. On looking down he saw the geese were flying directly over the Sacramento Hiver, but a death by drowning seemed to strike him better than the other, and when over a sand bar he cut the rope and dropped down. After three hours spent here he was taken off by some hunters. Jimmy says he intends to apply to Baldwin, the bailoon man, for a position, and thinks he can give him a few pointers on dropping from great heights.



HOBNOBBING. The Champion and the Prince Agree that

LIEUT. HANDFORTH'S LOVE.

Ills Letter to Sister Martina Was the Causof His Dismissal. ISPECIAL TO THE WORLD,

Washington, Dec. 10.-A sensation in military circles has been caused by the dismissal from the army of Lieut. Handforth. He belonged to the Eleventh Infantry, and is a married man. But he fell in love with a pretty teacher in the Indian school at Stand-

pretty teacher in the Indian school at Standing Rock Agency, and the following is one of his letters to the lady:

My Dear Sister: You will no doubt think it very strange that I should write to you, but I hope you will not be angry. My strong regard for you must at present be my only apology for writing, but I hope to be able to see you and explain more fully. I have been in arrest for some time, and have not been able to obtain permission to go beyond the limits of the military reservation, otherwise I would have gone to church or to Sunday-school.

I am living in the little house next to the fence which marks the line between the Post and the Indian reservation. If it were possible I would like very much to see you privately, and yet I do not want any one beside yourself to know how anxious I am to see you. If you can for once break the conventional rules with which you are surrounded, you may be able to do me an ever-issting favor. Please be kind enough to call, or at least let me hear from you. Yours, sincerly, H.

at least let me hear from you. Yours, sincerly, H.

STRIOTLY CONFIDENTIAL—I think of you every day. My heart and soul are devoted to yot. Oh! if you knew now I long to be with you continually, I feel sure you would take pity on me and at least allow me to see you and speak to you occasionally.

Can you not come and see me some evening and allow me to have a long, confidential talk with you? I hesitate to express myself on such a subject in writing. You will certainly think me foolish, and perhays ridicule words and expressions which, under other circumstances, would show themselves to be burning with love.

I feel as though not only my only hope of earthly happiness, but my only hope of Heaven, depended upon gaining your love. The restrictions which hedge yeu about only serve to make my case the more desparate and hopeless, yet I feel as though I was doing God's will.

To me you represent all that is good and beautiful in religion; all that is desirable in heaven. Your church can spare you far better than I can, and I cannot believe that God would be so selfash as to hold you to the strict letter of your yows when some one's earthly and eternal happiness depended upon their partial violation.

'I have often felt that if there is such a place as heaven I would not care to go there unless I continued.

heaven I would not care to go there unless I could meet some woman I loved. Your beautiful eyes baunt me continually, and I cannot bear the thought that I may never see you again,

H. F. HARDPORTH,
First Lieutenant U. S. A.

The name of the teacher is similar to Sister Martina. O. S. B.

HOME, CASH AND DIAMONDS GONE, Midnight Fire at Gravesend Which Nearly

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, N. Y., Dec. 10 .- The resilence of S. M. Berry, on Kings highway beween the Brighton and Manhattan Beach railways, Gravesend, baught fire at 1.30 A. M.

to-day and was burned with its contents. The loss is about \$30,000. the house when the fire occurred. Mrs. Berry had about \$1,700 of money in the house, it is said, and \$5,000 worth of diamonds. All was consumed. Mrs. Berry and her daughter had barely time to get out alive. The fire started in an extension of the Mrs. Berry and her daughter were alone in

The fire started in an extension of the house, but the cause is not known. Mrs. Berry and her daughter took refuge in the house of a neighbor, from the windows of which they watched the destruction of their

SHARP AWAITING HIS PATE

Rendered Careless and Indifferent by the Knowledge of this Condition.

There is no change to-day in the condition of Jacob Sharp. Dr. H. P. Loomis said to a World reporter this morning that the exclusive report of Mr. Sharp's critical state in the evening editions of yesterday's World was correct, but he was surprised to see how many reporters from other news-papers the story brought to his house.

One young and enterprising journalist patrolled the block on Thirty-fourth street, between Fourth and Fifth avenues, until 3

A. M.
At Sharp's home, 354 West Twenty-third street, a large detachment of reporters kept up their vigils until nearly daylight.

Mr. Sharp is fully aware of his precarious condition, and well knows that his life hangs as on a stread. This knowledge makes him careless and indifferent. His friends say he will not live to be present at another trial.

[From the Philadelphia News.]

A South street grocer had a curious experience one evening. While bushly engaged in the back of his store selling an Irishwoman a pound of butter some sneak-thief made away with three tempting

his store selling an Irishwoman's posted of butter some sneak-thief made away with three tempting-looking canvassed hams that hung outside on a cross-piece between the awaing posts.

What did the grocer do?

Well, he wrote on a piece of paper: "I know who stole the three hams from in front of my store. They are worthless to any one but myself. If returned in twenty-four hours no arrest."

When his clerk came down to sopen the store at daybreak the three hams hung outside.

'They were sawdust,' explained the grocer, 'and that is why I was not worried over the loss. The thief at first thought they were Bower's best when he grabbed them. I suppose. We are becoming wise in our day and generation, and we don't set out any wendrons 'flads' of front door displays now. Those three barrels of four are empties; those bags of life, Java, Mocha and Patang are sand—pure Schurikill sand—and those baskets of tempting vegetables and apples have a bottom just six inches from the top, and are weighted down to the pavement by cobble-stones between that faise bottom and the real bottom.

'naus'it goes, and we do not suffer a great loss if the eatire outful is stoled, rained upon ar other-wise damaged. It's different from what it used to be."

THE SLEEPING SENTRIES.

George's Island Soldiers Try to Suppress Facts About the Plot.

Lord Russell and His Staff Refuse to Give Any Information.

But Guards at all the Forts Have Beer Doubled and the Halifax Police Asked for Assistance-The Plotters Escaped and Managed Their Work so Well That There Is Not the Slightest Clue to Them -A Miraculous Escape for the Garrison.

HALIPAX, N. S., Dec. 10.-It is the old story over again of locking the stable door when the horse is gone. After nothing but the watchfulness of a bright little girl saved George's Island and all the sleeping soldiers on it from going skyward last night, the sentinels have been doubled and it is impossible for a reporter or anybody else to get near the

It is by the merest chance that despatches from this city to-day do not record a nest horrible story of loss of life and property instead of a foiled plot of desperate assassins The three men who attempted to blow up the gun-cotton tank were without doubt familiar with the island and the routine duty of the soldiers hired to guard it. They felt soldiers hired to guard it. They felt reasonably safe from discovery in that quarter and were noisy at their work. Their chatter attracted the attention of the sergeant's little daughter sitting up late at her studies. She gave the alarm, and the men escaped in the darkness and a blinding snow, storm before the sleeping soldiers could be aroused and get their wits about them.

These are the facts, and the attempt of officers on the island to convince the public that the news was exaggerated by newspaper

officers on the island to convince the public that the news was exaggerated by newspaper correspondents is of no avail. A soldier caught sleeping is eternally disgraced, and the soldiers on George's Island are making desperate afforts to crawl through a very small loophole—that the men who made the desperate attempt at destruction have not been caught, and that the girl, perhaps, only thought she saw the men. In Halifax everyone realizes the awful calamity that little girl's watchfulness averted.

Tons upon tuns of gun-cotton for Government use in deepening the harbor are stored

ment use in deepening the harbor are stored on George's Island. It is heaped in vaults of solid rock, which stretch beneath the sea within sixty yards of the quarters of troops stationed on the island. The island is about in the centre of the harbor and is at nearly all times surrounded with ships at anchor, There is a telegraph station on the island and

There is a telegraph station on the island and this is the message sent out from it at midnight to Police Headquarters in this city.

From the Officers in Charge of Submarine Diving Division Establishment on George's Island, to the Officers on Duty at Police Station:

Three men just now were surprised at gun-cotton tank on George's Island. From conversation overheard, they are suspected of serious designs upon the gun-cotton tank. They pulled away for a schooner lying in harbor. Please obtain information of all schooners and be on the alert at all landing places.

Capt. Dawson.

tion of all schooners and be on the alert at all landing places.

The only New York newspaper correspondents that rushed this news over the wire were The World and the Tribuse men. Other correspondents knew nothing of it until they saw it in the Halifax papers. Naturally, the news created a great sensation. The officers on the island at once adopted a policy of silence and a depreciatory smile when asked to verify facts. Neither Lord Russell nor a man on his staff would say a word. Imperial regulations absolutely forbid it. But before the day was well aired they had a tug scurrying around the harbor to the other forts, urging extra precautions and trying to get information about the three men. But so far the combined efforts of the military and police have failed to develop the slightest clue. An investigation will be ordered by the Government, and unquestionably somebody will be disciplined.

A SPECIMEN OF THREE-CENT NEWS.

A SPECIMEN OF THREE-CENT NEWS.

[From the New Fork Herald To-Day,]

HALIPAX, N. S., Dec. 2, 1887.—The story about an alloged attempt to blow up George's Island, a fortress in Halifax Harbor, is the sensational off-spring of a too eager imagination. Its sole foundation is the statement of a thirteen-year-old girl who saw, or thought she saw, two men in the vicinity of a shed built over a large gun-cotton ank. The officers in charge on the island were alarmed, but falled to find the persons whom the girl says she saw. The authorities asked the police to see if any suspicious characters are about the city. None were discovered.

A Mountain Flattening Out.

(Kaozville Despatch to Cincinnal Enguirer.)
North Carolina wagoners just in from Wayne County report a big depression in the Smoky Mountains, on the State line, near where the Little Tennessee River passes through. About ten acres of nessee kiver passes through. About ten acres of the mountain side has caved in, taking trees, stone and everything, to the depth of one hundred feet. The earth for several feet around is open, as if there would be another cave-in soon. The place is several miles from any house, and on one of the highest peaks of the mountain.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS IN BRIEF.

Dr. Van Langer, the eminent scientist, who is nentioned in Darwin's books, is dead. W. K. Vanderbilt and party were received resterday by the Sultan, at Constantinople. There is much excitement in Vienna over the forward movement of the Russian troops towards the Austrian frontier.

the Austrian Frontier.

The Mexican Chamber of Deputies yesterday approved the plan presented by the Minister of Finance for contracting a new loan of \$50,000,000.

Porter B. Towle, editor of the Hammond (Ind.) Ecolo, was horsewnipped last evening by three schoolgiris whom he had editorially maligned. The strike of the flint glass workers will begin at Pittsburg to-morrow. It is said the strikers have enough cash in their treasury to justify a year of idleness.

Clarkson, the crack pitcher of the Chicago Base-ball Club, said in Boston yesterday that under no circumstances would be play ball in Chicago next leason. He will play in Boston or nownere.

Vivian Diaz and Cecilio Barrera, charged with complicity in the Barrera addiction case, while being conveyed to Rio Grande City, were taken from the sheriff by twenty armed Mexicans and

The Minneapolis, Sault Sie, Marie and Atlantic Railroad has been completed to Sault Sie, Marie, and the line is practically finished. The international bridge over the Sault Rapids is nearly completed. William Famous and Edward Williamson became involved in a quarrel over a woman at West-over, Ark., on Thursday night, and during the right which followed Famous stabled Williamson to the heart with a bowie-knife, killing him in-

Laura Jean Libbey's New Story, whilehed in nample copies, is continued in the NEW YORK PARILY STORY PARES, out to-day and for sale

10,000 MILES AFTER HER HUSBAND. Descried in Russia Twelve Years Ago She Finally Finds Him in Ohio.

Not a day passes but that the emplopees of Castle Garden are called upon to listen to some story of desertion. The narrators are generally women and have come from the old country in search of their husbands. They are usually turned over to some hones boarding-house keeper until a clue is obtained of the lost one, and then they proceed upon their travels.

A remarkable case was told to a WORLD reporter this morning. Rebecca Harris came here from Covener, Poland, a year ago, and, after stopping a short time, went to Pennsylvania, where she heard her husband

was.
She was married to Lewis Harris twenty six years ago, and twelve years ago he left her and her children in Russia and came to this country. Since that time she had re-peatedly attempted to hear from him.

this country. Since that time she had repeatedly attempted to hear from him.

Until about four years ago she located him in Centre County, Pa., where he was married to Elizabeth Faust. Her investigations caused Harris to leave that place.

"It is a remarkable case," said The World's informant. "Just think of a woman travelling 10,000 miles to find her husband. I have just received a letter showing how she succeeded in her search.

"About ten days ago she located him in Steubenville, O., Upon her lodging this information the Mayor sent for Harris, who has resided there four years, during which time he has acted as horse-dealer and saloon-keeper. He is in comfortable circumstances, owning several pieces of good property.

"When confronted by his former wife he completely wilted and acknowledged openly that she was his wife, but claimed unfaithfulness on her part in the old country and averred that two of the children did not belong to him.

"He afterwards offered to make avery

ong to him.
"He afterwards offered to make an reparation in his power and to provide for the children. His wife indignantly refused, saying that she had not travelled 10,000 miles to let him off so easily. He was bound over to await a hearing on a charge of bigamy against him."

HICKS-BEACH AND CLAURICARDS.

Chirographical Tilt Between the Secretary for Ireland and an Irish Landlord. [SPECIAL CABLE TO THE WORLD. |

LONDON, Dec. 10.—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach as sent the correspondence between himself and Lord Clauricarde to the London Times. He explains in one of his letters to Clauricarde that with no other landlord did he go so far in the way of pressure; that the threat ne made was never executed because the cir-

as a matter of fact the forces of the Crown vere never refused. In one of Lord Clauricarde's letters to Sir Michael he twits the government with making but a feeble attempt to govern Ireland. He asks Sir Michael if a reduction of 20 per cent will be sufficient, and reproaches him for not inti∃ating his decision earlies and so preventing the League from obtaining credit for the reduction,

cumstances expected did not arise, and that

Sir Michael replies that he is unable to decide whether or not a reduction of 20 per cent was sufficient but he had heard that where tenants applied to the land court, larger reductions were made.

SEPECIAL CABLE TO THE WORLD.

London, Dec. 10 .- A despatch from Shanghai reports the death of Prince Chung, the Emperor's father. Left His Old Clothes Behind.

A sneak thief entered the room occupied by Messrs. P. J. Esser and James D. Connors at the residence of Mrs. Thorpe, 49 North Moore street, yesterday afternoon, and stole all the clothes in the room. The thief left his own ragged garipents strewn all over the room. An old overcoat was on the bed, a pair of trousers on the floor, and a cost and vest that looked as though they were 800 years old were found in a coal-scuttle. The thief also left five keys behind. The police have been no-tified. nd stole all the clothes in

Two Unique Arrests.

Inspector J. J. Ryan, of the Dock Department, nade two arrests last evening of a peculiar nature, and the first of the kind in the history of the Polic Department. Thomas Wilgrath and William Clark were loading carts with brick at the foot of West One Hundred and Thirty-drst street, and were ordered to desist. They refused and were arrested by a policeman, charged with endangering the

Two Sick Men More Comfortable. Major Haggerty, who has been in a very critical condition for three weeks, has improved greatly in the last two days, and this morning it was stated at his house that the doctors had great hopes of his

The St. James shelters Col. Charles E. Denison, of Cleveland.
Sir William and Lady Young, of London, are at The Rev. T. E. Franklyn, of England, is staying at the Everett.

At the Albermarie is Judge F. M. Finch, of the

Court of Appeals.

Sir George Campbell, of Scotland, is registered at the Brunswick.

Edmund A. Parker, a Wailingford woolien-goods manufacturer, is at the Everett. Geo. C. Genet, of the Washington Centennial Celebration Committee, is now at the Albemaric. Fremont Cole, who hopes to be Speaker of the assembly arrived at the Fifth Avenue this morning.

John B. Herreshoff, the famous blind boat builder and designer, is now at the Murray Hill Hotel.

Judge S. E. Williamson, of Cleveland, and Judge R. M. Hughes, of Norfolk, are registered at the Brunswick. Henry M. Duffy, of Detroit, and Dr. J. A. Prienr, of Montteal, have written their names on

Prieur, of Montreal, have written their names on the Brunswick's register.

William A. Gaston, of Boston, and J. M. Matthews, editor of the Buffalo News, are recent arrivals at the Hoffman House.

Gainsha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, and Raphie-gofius Yottenham, a Colorado cattle king, have taken up their abode at the Victoria. S. J. Tilden, jr., of New Lebauon, and M. H. Conant, a thread manufacturer, of Pawtucket, have engaged rooms at the Windsor.
Registered at the Grand are the following Bentenants of the United States Army: William S. Colle, Frank De Witt Ramsey and E. Kirby.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, of Scotland, ex-Senator Warner Miller, of herkimer, and Col. F. L. Relliy are recent arrivals at the Fifth Avenue. Frank P. Wright, the Albany architect, and F. W. Montgomery, owner of large lumber interests at Milwarkee, are registered at the St. James.

Jacob I. Greene, President of the Connecticut Mathai Life Insurance Company, and Isaac H. Bromley, of Boston, are guests of the Murray Hill Hotel.

Among others of prominence at the Brunswick are the Hon. William McDougall, of Ottawa; Donald McMaster, M. P. and Q. C., of Montreal, and Hector Cameron, M. P., of Teronto.

ATRAGIC VOYAGE AT AN END.

THIRTY SURVIVORS OF THE SCHOLTEN DISASTER ARRIVE IN PORT.

Passengers Land from the P. Caland with Only 810 Each in Their Pockets-The Story of the Wreck as Told by Three of the Survivors-Praise for the Ship's Officers and Blame for the Crew.

Thirty passengers of the ill-fated steamer Scholten, wrecked in the English Channelon the night of Nov. 19, were landed at pier C. Jersey City, this morning, having been taken from Rotterdam by the Netherland American Steamship Company's P. Caland, Capt. Bonjer. Twenty-seven were steerage and the remainder cabin passengers, Henry R. Kenyon, Charles Miles and C. Bromouwsky. The scene about the dock from 8 o'clock this morning, when the vessel was due, was

a picturesque one, the unfortunate foreign-

ers evidently having plenty of friends in

America. The P. Caland reached Quarantine at about 6 o'clock last night. This morning she

The P. Caland reached Quarantine at about 6 o'clock last night. This morning she steamed slowly up the bay, but, owing to the for, made poor headway. She reached the pier at about 9 o'clock, and her passengers were allowed ashore immediately.

All of the survivors of the Scholten were nearly penniless. They saved no baggage or personal effects. Each of the steerage passengers, however, carried a draft for \$10, which Agent Van Dentoorn paid on presentation, and with this they started afresh in the battle of life.

From the stories told by the Scholten's passengers, it would seem that had the crew of the wrecked steamer been less anxious to save themselves the loss of life would not have been so great as it was.

Henry R. Kenyon, who was saved, is a young artist who makes frequent visits to Europe. His story of the disaster is interesting. "It was at about midnight," he said, "when the collision occurred. The fog at the time was intense. Following the crash the vessel resounded with the pittful appeals from men and women alike who seemed to have lost all self-control.

"When the vessel sank I went down with her, but slowly rose to the surface. For an hour I drifted about, with scores of straggling women and children on every side. Frequently I barely escaped being dragged to the bottom by their frantic efforts for succor.

"At last, when it seemed as though my strength was failing, the hull of a vessel loomed up in the distance. She was the bark Ebro, lumber laden, and I made for her. As she approached her crew cast overboard lumber and ropes to the struggling ones in the water.

"A plank floated to me, and, grabbing it, I

board lumber and ropes to the struggling ones in the water.

"A plank ficated to me, and, grabbing it, I propelled myself alongside. Here strong hands pulled me abcard. When all were saved that could be the Elbro sailed to Dover. Reaching there we were taken to the Sailors' Home and thence via Ostend to Rotterdam.

"The piers, housetops even and the roads were black with people who had hastened to the docks in search of friends. We were taken outside the city, given excellent accommodations and when the P. Caland sailed we came with her. It was an awful experience, which I pray God that I may never meet again."

C. Bromouwsky, another cabin passenger, was met on the wharf by his wife and little child. He is a carver, living at 155 Twelfth street, Long Island City, and was returning from Germany after a few months' visit, When the disaster occutred he was in his berth.

berth. 'I felt no shock,' he said, "I felt no shock," he said, "but was awakened by a pounding on the stateroom door and cries of 'Arouse!' Hurrying on deck I saw the situation and grabbed a life-preserver. Officers told me that there was no hurry, and did all in their power to quiet the terror-stricken ones in the steerage. In a few moments the ship began to settle. Fearing that I would be drawn under by the section I leaved as for as I could from her

the terror-stricken ones in the steerage. In a few moments the ship began to settle. Fearing that I would be drawn under by the suction I leaped as far as I could from her into the water, and then swam about in vain search for something to support me.

"How long I was in this predicament I don't know. It seemed ages. Finally the Ebro reached in, ropes were thrown out, and fastening one about my waist I was hauled on deck. The sight of the helpless ones sinking before my eyes was one that will never be forgotten, and their death cries—even now I can hear them ringing in my ears."

Charles Miles was coming to America for work. He lives in Red Hill, Surrey, England. He is about nineteen years old, tall slender and withal a bright young man. "I was in the saloon," he said, "when the vessels struck. I rushed to the deck, where officers and men were rushing about frantically. The first life preserver that I found I gave to a help-less weman beside me.

"The members of the crew were unruly. Indeed I saw them tear life-belts from defects were practically fruitless.

"The first boat that was lowered constained only the crew. No passengers were allowed in her. In a brief moment it seemed to use, the vessel sank. Pieces of wreekage were scattered about, and swiming to the nearest, I kept my head above water. For an hour I floated about and was finally taken aboard the Ebro.

"It was an awful night, with not even a star to shed a gleam of light upon our sufferings." Mr. Miles has lost all interest in America, and wants to go home.

Among the steerage passengers few could be found who spoke English. Barbara Schwartz, Hubert Reieter and Barbara Konig, through an interpreter, recounted the dismal story of the wreck.

They told how they were awakened by the shock, went under the sinking ship, came to the surface and floated about on mattresses, planks, chairs, anything that could be laid hands on until saved. They give the officers much credit for tgeir efforts.

Among the many pathetic scenes was that of young lady, rich appa recovery.

Judge Rapallo was more comfortable to-day than

hands on until saved. They give the officers much credit for t_eir efforts.

Among the many pathetic scenes was that of young lady, rich apparently, and pretty, who was being lowered into the life boat. She was swung off from the ship, the jewels in her hands and arms shining brightly in the darkness.

In mid-air she was suspended, and was about to be dropped into the boat, when a cry was raised: "She's sinking!" Instantly the lifeboat was rowed away, in another moment the Scholten sank and the poor girl was lost. Her name is unknown.

Baron Fernando De Cles, from Italy, came from his stateroom with his satchel containing £500. He reached the deck, where one of the crew, he says, grabbed the bag and threw it overboard. The Baron has gond back to Italy.

All the survivors will be taken care of today by the steamship company. They will start for their different destinations at their pleasure.